

in Mr. Cooke; and we are induced, by the present circumstances of the world, to set so high a value on rectitude of principle, that we heartily wish that we could, with truth, have said something in praise of Mr. Cooke as a sagacious and trustworthy historian. The work is framed on a plan so fundamentally defective, and on so false (as we think) a conception of the subject, that it would be idle to waste more time upon it, or to make it the groundwork of any general observations on Bolingbroke and his times.

The review of an imperfect and desultory book can hardly avoid being itself imperfect and desultory. We wish our task had been to lay before our readers a summary view of the conduct and character of a man so super-eminent as a statesman and as a writer—to have developed the real causes of his political versatility and his intellectual obliquity—and to have endeavoured to reduce, to some systematic calculation, the erratic course of this *moral comet*; but Mr. Cooke's hasty and heavy production affords no materials for such an investigation, and our duty, in this instance, has necessarily been limited to an indication of the deficiency of our present data, and to a suggestion of the sources from which it may be remedied by future inquirers.

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- ART. V.—1. *The Rambler in North America*; 1832-3. By Charles Joseph Latrobe. London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1835.
 2. *A Residence and Tour in the United States, with particular Observations on the Condition of the Blacks in that Country*. By E. S. Abdy, A.M. London. 3 vols. 12mo. 1835.
 3. *Miscellanies*. By the Author of 'The Sketch-Book.' No. I. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. 1 vol. 12mo. London. 1835.
 4. *Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches, by a Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales*. By Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matheson, D.D. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1835.

THE rapidity with which books of travels in North America have of late been following each other from the London press, while it amply illustrates the general interest of the subject, must, at the same time, serve as our apology for dismissing with comparative brevity the individual author who, had he come before the public a few years ago, might have been well entitled to occupy a considerable space in these pages. The journals of Messrs. Latrobe and Abdy, in particular, are deserving of far more attention than we can now hope to bestow on them; they are the works of able observers, and vigorous writers. The 'Narrative'

[Sept:

1835.]

Tours in America, by Latrobe, Abby, &c.

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narrative of Doctors Reed and Matheson, however inferior to these productions, especially to Mr. Latrobe's, in a literary point of view, contains not a few descriptive episodes which, had we room to extract them, would gratify all our readers; while for a considerable section of the community the peculiar objects of their excursion, and the peculiar tinge of their thought and expression, will no doubt have a prevailing charm. Mr. Washington Irving, as an English classic, and we believe (except Dr. Channing) the only living classic of the United States, is not to be passed over in silence, even when what he puts forth may happen to be of slender bulk and pretension. We look forward, with unabated curiosity and hope, to some portraiture of his general impressions on revisiting, after an absence of seventeen years, the land of his birth, his dearest connexions, and his earliest distinction; and in the mean time accept with cheerfulness his very lively little account of an excursion to the Prairies of the far West, in which he was accompanied by our own accomplished countryman, Mr. Latrobe. Our object on the present occasion is not to enter into any minute analysis of these various volumes—but to record, in the first place, our opinion that they all deserve to find a place in the library; and, secondly, to mark for the special attention of our readers some of those facts and incidents, among the multitudes accumulated by these authors, which have struck ourselves as really valuable additions to the general stock of information.

We shall begin with the book which is likely to detain us the shortest while, though it is far the bulkiest of those on our table—that of the Congregational Delegates, Drs. Reed and Matheson. The professed object of their journey was to collect accurate information touching the internal condition of the 'Orthodox Independent Churches' in the United States; and we perceive that, on the whole, they have derived satisfaction from their inquiries. It is, however, very difficult not to suspect that there was another object which these worthy dissenters had at least as much at heart as that blazoned in their preface; namely, to help the avowed advocates of 'the Voluntary System,' in their present warfare against the principle of a religious establishment. But if this suspicion be well-founded, we cannot congratulate the allied doctors on the result of their labours. It is obvious that these excellent persons were welcomed, lodged, and fed, wherever they arrived, by individuals of their own religious sect,—with few exceptions, by their brethren of the Independent Ministry; and that their journal throws no more light on the general state of America, in a religious point of view, than might be expected in the case of our own country, from the travels of a couple of American teachers of the like condition and persuasion, who should have

spent a few weeks or months in a round of long sermons and hot suppers, among the comfortable strongholds of dissent in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Doctors Reed and Matheson might well be delighted with the cordial affectionateness of their own reception among a class of people who, in America as in England, are bound together by ties of a sectarian freemasonry, potent enough to survive a total revolution in point of religious doctrine itself; and we have dwelt with pleasure quite equal to theirs on the many evidences which they present of the wide extent to which practical Christianity operates among our American brethren of various persuasions; but we think we may almost appeal to themselves whether it be, on the whole, a wise thing for a great nation to entrust the interests of religion, in any considerable degree at least, to the desultory influence of those Revivals and Camp Meetings, and so forth, but for which, by their own showing, the very name of Christianity might ere now have been almost forgotten over many vast districts of the American Union. We venture to say that the religious condition of America at this hour, favourably influenced as it has been by an age of very remarkable religious excitement, must confirm every candid observer in the decision thus modestly hinted, rather than expressed, by one whose fervent and catholic piety cannot but command the respect of Messrs. Reed and Matheson—Mr. Latrobe it is who thus writes:—

There are certain signs, perhaps it might be said of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thralldom of mind and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand or fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his fortune. Each is gratified in believing that he has his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern—of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance—of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest—of the possibility of the existence of civilization without cultivation,—and you are not understood! I have said it may be *the spirit of the times*, for we see signs of it, alas, in Old England; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination, which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States between the master and servant—the child and the parent—the scholar and the master—the governor and the governed—in brief, *the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations*

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of life, was the worst sign of the times. Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest—which binds us in subjection to the law of God—will not also be weakened, if not broken? This, and this alone, short-sighted as I am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society; and if my observation was sufficiently general to be just, you will also grant, there is that which should make a man hesitate whether those glowing expectations for the future, in which else we might all indulge, are compatible with *growing looseness of religious, political, and social principle*. Besides, the religious man might be inclined to go farther, and ask what is the prospect of the people in general with regard to their maintenance of pure doctrine, and fitting forms of religion—whether, emancipated as they are from the wing of a NATIONAL CHURCH, and yet seemingly becoming more and more impatient of rule and direction in religious matters, the mass of the people do not run the danger of falling either into cold infidelity, or burning fanaticism?—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. p. 135.

The influence exerted by the Church of England upon the dissenting bodies in her own country and neighbourhood is one of those many circumstances connected with her establishment, which, if that establishment be overthrown, posterity will learn to appreciate. We may be mistaken—but we cannot but trace to the absence of such an influence even the melancholy fact confessed by Dr. Reed, that ‘a very considerable portion’ of the American Quakers have lapsed into ‘fatal heresy—amounting almost to Deism.’—*Narrative*, vol. i. p. 80.

The Congregational Delegates who, we need not hint, were well prepared to admire most of the external features of the republican system, appear to have been especially gratified with their visit to General Jackson.

The President is tall; full six feet in height. He stoops now, and is evidently feeble. The thermometer was at 72°, but he was near a strong fire. He is sixty-eight years of age. He is soldierlike and gentlemanly in his carriage; his manners were courteous and simple, and put us immediately at ease with him. . . . When we arrived, the entrance doors were open; and on being conducted, by a single servant, to what we thought an ante-room, we found the general himself waiting to receive us. We were soon led into the dining-room. The table was laid only for six persons; and it was meant to show us *respect* by receiving us *alone*. [Qu.?] Mr. Post, whom the President regards as his minister, was requested to *implore* a blessing. Four men were in attendance, and attended well. Everything was good and sufficient; nothing overcharged. It was a moderate and elegant repast.

The President regularly attends on public worship at Mr. Post's, when he is well. [!] On the following Sabbath morning I was engaged to

to preach. His manner was very attentive and serious. When the service had ended, I was a little curious to see how he would be noticed. I supposed that the people would give way, and let him pass out first, and that a few respectful inclinations of the head would be offered. But no; he was not noticed at all; he had to move out, and take his turn like any other person, and there was nothing at any time to indicate the presence of the chief magistrate.—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 33-35.

Enthusiastic as Dr. Reed's feelings were on first entering the halls of Congress, he found reason to abate something of his rapture before he had watched a few debates to their close. The Doctor, constantly disclaiming all intention of political remark, lets the following sentences drop somehow from his pen: we leave our readers to make their own use of them:—

'I must candidly admit, that the Congress of this great empire fell somewhat below my expectations. But as matters stand, it is now only a sacrifice for the thriving man to be a member of congress; while to the needy man it is a strong temptation. The good Americans must look to this, lest, on an emergency, they should be surprised to find their fine country, and all its fine prospects, in the hands of a few ambitious and ill-principled demagogues.'—*Reed*, vol. ii. pp. 30, 31.

Upon the sad subject to which M. de Beaumont's *Marie* lately called our attention,—the condition and treatment of the coloured races in America,—these delegates enter at great length; and many of their details are extremely touching. We extract this account of Dr. Reed's first visit to a Negro meeting-house at Lexington:—

'The building, called a church, is without the town, and placed in a hollow, so as to be out of sight; it is in the fullest sense "without the gate." It is a poor log-house, built by the hands of the negroes, and so placed as to show that they must worship by stealth. The place was quite full; the women and men were arranged on opposite sides; and, although on a cold or rainy day there might have been much discomfort, the impression now was very pleasing. In the presence of a powerful sun, the whole body were in strong shadow; and the light streaming through the warped and broken shingle, on the glistening black faces of the people, filled the spectacle with animation. One of the blacks, addressing me as their "strange master," begged that I would take charge of the service. I declined doing so. He gave out Dr. Watts's beautiful psalm, "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive," &c. They all rose immediately. They had no books, for they could not read; but it was printed on their memory, and they sang it off with freedom and feeling. There is much melody in their voice; and when they enjoy a hymn, there is a raised expression of the face, and an undulating motion of the body, keeping time with the music, which is very touching. The senior black, a preacher amongst them, then offered prayer, and preached. His prayer was humble and

and devotional. In one portion of it, he made an affecting allusion to their wrongs. "*Thou knowest,*" said the good man, with a broken voice, "*our state—that it is the meanest—that we are as mean and low as men can be. But we have sinned—we have forfeited all our rights to Thee—and we would submit before Thee to these marks of thy displeasure.*" He took for the text of his sermon those words, "*The Spirit saith, come,*" &c. . . . They then rose, and sang, and separated. This was the first time I had worshipped with an assembly of slaves; and I shall never forget it. I was certainly by sympathy bound with those who were bound; while I rejoiced, on their account, afresh in that divine truth, which makes us free indeed, which lifts the soul on high, unconscious of a chain.'—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 222.

We must not part with these reverend colleagues without observing that one of them, Dr. Reed, though he usually indulges in rather a heavy and soporific style of narrative, has been on some happy occasions warmed into a flow of descriptive eloquence worthy of being quoted alongside of even the best passages in Irving or Latrobe. We were particularly struck with the following natural burst of admiration on the forest scenery of the Grand Prairie:—

'It now appeared in all its pristine state and grandeur, tall, magnificent, boundless. I had been somewhat disappointed in not finding vegetation develop itself in larger forms in New England than with us; but there was no place for disappointment here. I shall fail, however, to give you the impression it makes on one. Did it arise from height, or figure, or grouping, it might readily be conveyed to you; but it arises chiefly from combination. You must see it in all its stages of growth, decay, dissolution, and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you, like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it than does a mountain to the globe; you must travel in it in solitariness, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end, without finding any—before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity; and they mean that as there are no works of art to produce this effect there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I would depreciate what they mean to extol; but I hope you will sympathise with me when I say that I have met with nothing among the most venerable forms of art which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity; of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal.'—*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

We shall be reminded presently that America is *not* destitute of most venerable monuments of human industry; but, in the mean time, we must turn to Mr. ABDY—another traveller whose attainments we have

have no wish to disparage—but with whose prevalent feelings on many important subjects we cannot pretend to sympathize. He appears to be a very young gentleman, who, shortly after taking his degree of B.A. at Cambridge, fell into a feeble condition of health, and his physicians advising him to travel for a few months, preferred a tour in America to the more beaten highways of the European continent; his choice, however, being chiefly determined, not by the expectation of comparatively novel scenery and manners, but by a fervent desire to examine for himself the unhappy condition of the coloured population in the United States, and contribute, if possible, to their relief. All must honour this motive; and every candid critic will admit that Mr. Abdy's Journal does him considerable credit in a literary point of view. It is written in a plain unaffected style, wholly free from the soppy tinsel of mock sentimentality which so many flourishing prosers of this generation have borrowed from the Rosa-Matilda sonneteers of the last, and from that pompous grandiloquence which has been in every age the favourite disguise of half-conscious imbecility. But—whether from the depressing influence of physical malady, or from the chilling and constraining one of that school of politics to which Mr. Abdy has pledged his allegiance—his narrative appears to want that charm of generous freedom which so often atones for the weaknesses of a youthful observer of mankind. His tone of thought has not a little of the stilted pretension which is happily absent from his style; he lectures us, *ex cathedra*, where it is obvious he has more to learn than to teach; and, both when he praises and when he condemns America, often enough betrays the fact that his personal acquaintance with the institutions and customs of his own country has been but limited and partial. Mr. Abdy, in short, is one of that sect of juvenile philosophers who have of late years forced themselves on general attention as rather too soon emancipated from the old obstructions of modesty: a self-satisfied race, with hearts cooler than their heads; apt to mistake solemnity of manner for dignity of mind; who have dethroned passion only to instal conceit, and ceased to be amiable without attaining to command respect; inexperienced dogmatizers, grave without caution, and calm without candour.

To this school Mr. Abdy belongs, and he is of course proud of belonging to it; but we by no means wish to insinuate that we consider him as hopelessly far gone in its heresies. On the contrary, feelings which his sect condemns do occasionally break out in his pages, to the great relief and comfort of his reader; and we trust the world will recognise these still more largely in the maturer productions of his pen.

It may be rather unfortunate for Mr. Abdy that *Marie* happened

pened to be published before [this Journal], we have certainly been disappointed in our expectation of finding in these pages a considerable addition of facts to those which the ingenious Frenchman had so lately placed before us, touching the condition and prospects of the coloured people in the States; but still he has added something of valuable information,—and the shape and manner of his performance may, and indeed should, give him the advantage as a solid and permanent authority on this subject, over his more imaginative predecessor.

He confirms, in the first place,—and he it observed his Journal must have been in the hands of the printer long before *Marie* reached England,—every one of those statements in the French *Tableau* which had most startled ourselves in its perusal. Mr. Abdy, for example, assures us that he saw condemned to receive their education in a school to which no Anglo-American would send any of his children, young persons of mixed descent, in whose appearance no trace of African blood could be detected,—boys who had no signs of the Pariah caste about them,—of fair complexion, with light silky hair.—(vol. i. p. 7.) He also illustrates, by some very striking instances, which had fallen under his own observation, all that M. Beaumont told us concerning the determined tyranny of white churchwardens in refusing to admit even the wealthiest and most respectable free citizens of mixed descent to occupy pews in the same part of the building with the Christian Brahmins of the New World. The case of Mr. Brinsley, a wealthy mulatto of the best possible character, is one of these. This man came into possession of a pew in a Baptist meeting-house of civilized Boston, as part of the property of a debtor,—but on the morning after the Sunday on which he and his family first appeared there he received this missive:—

To Mr. Frederick Brinsley, coloured man, Elm Street:—

Boston, March 6, 1830.

Sir,—The Prudential Committee of Park-Street Church notify you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of Park-Street Meeting-house on any Sabbath, or on any other day, during the time of Divine worship, after this date—and, if you go there with such intent, you will hazard the consequences. The pews in the upper galleries are at your service.

“GEORGE ODIORNE, for the Committee.”

Our Journalist says:—
“Mr. Brinsley, on going again, found a constable at the pew-door. No further attempt was made to assert the rights of property against such a formidable combination; and we may seek in vain for the consequences, which Mr. Odiorne, with official gravity, says would have been hazarded by another visit to the house of God.—*Abdy's Journal*, vol. i. pp. 134, 135.

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Mr. Abdy mentions that even the Quakers, though their own laws expressly forbid any attention to difference of colour, universally insist on the coloured 'brethren' sitting in a separate part of the meeting-house; and he adds, that in the burying-places the whites lie *east and west*, the black and brown Christians *north and south*! But of all the horrid details collected by Mr. Abdy, the following story is the most shocking:—

'I was once asked, with a sarcastic smile, by an American lady of Hibernian descent, if I had met with any *interesting blacks* in the course of my tour? The winter I passed in New York furnished what this woman, with all her contempt for a race more persecuted and less fortunate than that from which she herself sprang, would acknowledge to be most painfully interesting. During the frost, some ice, on which several boys were skating, in the outskirts of the city, gave way, and several of them were drowned. During the confusion and terror occasioned by this accident, a coloured boy, whose courage and hardihood were well known, was called upon to render assistance. He immediately threw himself into the water, with his skates on, and succeeded in saving two lads; but, while exerting himself to rescue a third, he was drawn under the ice, and unable to extricate himself. No one would risk his life for *him*. Soon after, the details of this melancholy event appeared in one of the newspapers (the New-York American), with an offer to receive subscriptions for the mother, who was left, with a sick husband and a young family, deprived of the support which she had derived from her son's industry. As reference was made to a medical man in Park Place, I called upon him, and received a very favourable account both of the boy and his poor mother, who was employed to wash for him. I immediately proceeded to her house, and found that she had three children left; the eldest about ten years of age, and the youngest an infant at the breast. In addition to these, she had undertaken the care of a little girl, five years old, the daughter of a deceased friend, whose husband had deserted his child, and refused to pay anything towards its support. "I consider her as my child," said the generous woman; "and while I have a crust left she shall share it with my children." I made inquiries about the boy she had just lost, and was told, what I had heard in Park Place, that his conduct had always been most exemplary—that he had carried to her every cent he could save from his earnings, and had often expressed a wish that he might obtain sufficient to save her from working so hard, her business sometimes keeping her up nearly all night.

'I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mrs. Peterson; and my respect for her character increased with my acquaintance. When I settled a little account I had with her for washing and other work, I had some difficulty in prevailing upon her to take what was strictly her due—such was her gratitude for the few services I was enabled, with the assistance of my friends, to render her. Three months had elapsed since the death of young Peterson, and, not one of the relatives of either of the boys whose lives he had saved, at the cost of his

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own, had been near his bereaved mother; and the subscription did not amount to seventy dollars. When we consider that the population of the place amounts to more than 250,000, including Brooklyn, it is little to its credit that the gratitude it felt for the preservation of two of its citizens could find no better way to exhibit itself than by a paltry donation to the self-devoted preserver's afflicted parent of a sum scarcely exceeding one-fourth of what he might have been sold for, when living, in the slave-market at New Orleans.—*Abdy*, vol. ii. p. 43.

The utter frigidity with which the American 'Patricians,' as Mr. Abdy calls them, meet every charge of cruelty and oppression with regard to the people of colour, appears to him to form an odd contrast with their delicate sensitiveness to the remarks 'uttered in a distant land by a few narrow-minded men' on their own *minora moralia* :—

'Hint to them that they eat pease with a knife, and they are highly enraged; tell them that their conduct to the "niggers" is inhuman and unmanly, and they laugh in your face.'

Mr. Abdy's liberal politics do not interfere with his perceptions of many of the harmless absurdities of the Americans,—witness these amusing traits :—

"Are you *the man*," said a driver to Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar, "that is to go in that carriage?" "Yes." "Then I am *the gentleman* to drive you." . . . A young female of New York, while looking over an English prayer-book, was much shocked with that expression in the marriage service, "Wilt thou have this *woman* to thy wedded wife?" She insisted upon it, with all the dignity of offended rank, that the phrase ought to be—"Wilt thou have this *lady*," &c.—vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

Mr. Abdy appears to have come away from his visit to General Jackson—who, however, does not seem to have asked him to dinner—with impressions not quite so enthusiastic as those described on a similar occasion by the two dissenting doctors :—

'One or two things, during this short interview, struck me very forcibly. I saw clearly that a man's good opinion of himself is the best handle by which you may lead him; that truth has as little chance of a familiar acquaintance with republican presidents as with imperial potentates; and that an American need not go to St. Petersburg or St. James's to find a courtier. I was, indeed, not a little surprised at the gross flattery with which this old man was fed. What a subject for Lucian or Le Sage! Here were the vices of a court in all their deformity;—arrogance without dignity, and adulation without refinement—a burlesque upon everything exalted and manly!'—p. 173.

He adds,—

'The same arrogant assumption of national superiority is employed by the highest and the lowest person in the country, as an acknowledged title to respect and confidence throughout the civilized world. *Nihil est quod credere de se non posset cum laudatur*, may be said of

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the most insignificant citizen of these confederated republics, as truly as of the autocrat of Russia, or the Grand Llama of Tartary. — pp. 280, 281.

During a debate which Mr. Abdy attended in the House of Representatives, the gallery was for some reason ordered to be cleared; and the object was effected 'not without resistance,' says Mr. Abdy, 'as dirks were used on the occasion.' — vol. ii. p. 125.

To come back to Mr. Abdy's chief theme,—he has, in describing his tour through the southern States, given a world of details, which will go far to explain the alarming scenes lately enacted in those regions, and likely we must think to go on there, until either the dark population become so numerous as to be quite invincible, or the government gives *champ libre* to the legislation of the planters; in either case, that is—until the disruption of the American Union takes place.

We have a good deal from Mr. Latrobe also touching both the slaves and the coloured free people in the United States; but on these subjects, as indeed on all others, this author writes in a much more fair, charitable, and really Christian spirit than we have been able to discover in the lucubrations from which we have hitherto been quoting. Mr. Latrobe (a member of the family so long and so honourably connected with the missionary cause) is personally unknown to us; we are ignorant of his past history, except that part of it which is contained in his *Alpenstock*, an unfortunately named, but very pleasing and useful manual for travellers in Switzerland; whether he ever followed any profession—what the general course of his life has been—we never heard; but we think we can hardly be mistaken in judging him to be a man considerably more advanced in years than Mr. Abdy. He, at all events, if he be a young man, has written throughout of America like one who,

—'By discipline of Time made wise,

Has learned to tolerate the infirmities

And faults of others.'

Such a traveller, though he could not, more than any other rational man, shut his eyes to the staring absurdity of that eternal cant about universal freedom and equality, in a country where a fifth of the population are slaves, and nearly another fifth, albeit legally free, are, to all intents and purposes, treated as a Pariah caste—was nevertheless likely to consider the essential difficulties of the case, as well as the gross nonsense which has been, and is needlessly adding to them. Mr. Abdy, and five hundred more of his class, may talk as long as they please about the equality of all the children of Adam, and condemn, as alike silly and sinful, the American repugnance to the notion of what they call 'amalg-

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mation—but we take the liberty of doubting whether Mr. Abdy would willingly bestow his own sister in marriage upon the most polished specimen of the negro race that ever strutted as Comte Marimade or Marquis de Molasseville at the court of Hayti; and we also remain excessively sceptical as to the possibility of bringing any negro population to anything like the Anglo-American standard of intellect or civilization for generations to come. Certain feelings which these gentlemen so broadly denounce in the Americans are feelings which, right or wrong, have been partaken by all the civilized nations that ever came into contact with African negroes, from the dawn of history down to the present day; and they will not yield to argument—least of all to abuse. The difficulty in which this vast and rapidly-increasing population of alien blood involves the government and legislature of America is great and real; and it little becomes Englishmen, aware, as we all are, by whose act a slave peasantry was first introduced into her territory, to assume a high and disdainful tone of language as to this subject. Least of all is it either wise or decorous in us to assume such a tone at this particular time. Some, obviously and absurdly-cruel particulars may be criticised *calmly* to good purpose—but let us not be too broad and rash in our censures. We have but yesterday emancipated our own West Indian slaves at an enormous cost, and the results of that experiment are still (to speak gently) extremely doubtful. Let us beware of incurring the suspicion that we are willing to urge our own example on the United States from motives not of philanthropy merely, but in part, at least, of mercantile calculation!

The condition of the scanty remains of the *red race* in the United States is another subject on which Mr. Latrobe enters at some length. His own connexion with a lineage of missionaries had no doubt a strong effect in turning his researches into this channel. He says:—

‘We execrate the bloodthirstiness of the Spaniard, who exterminated whole tribes at once by the sword, under the banner of the blessed Cross; and yet the conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers and their children towards the aborigines of the North is hardly less culpable or less execrable. Like the Spaniard, the Puritan warred under the banner of his faith, and considered the war as holy. No one who reads the history of these countries since their first settlement can draw any other conclusion than that the white man secretly with his grasping hand, selfish policy, and want of faith, has been in almost every case, directly or indirectly, the cause of the horrors which he afterwards rose openly to retaliate. How often did he return evil for good! That the wrath of the Indian, when excited, was terrible, his anger cruel, and his blows indiscriminate, falling almost always on the comparatively innocent; and that defence, and perhaps retaliation,

tion, then became necessary to save the country from repetitions of those fearful scenes of murder and torture which make the early settlements a marvel and a romance, is also to be allowed: but the settlement of the various portions of America, with but few exceptions, is, equally in the north and the south, a foul blot upon Christendom.

But the evil is now done, and unfortunately irreparable, in that part of the continent of America in which I am now writing to you. The Indian tribes have melted like snow from before the steady march of the white, and diminished in number and power—beaten back, they first gave way and retired beyond the Mountains, and then beyond the Great River and to the westward of the Great Lakes. If you ask, where is that noble race whom Smith found in Virginia—the race of Powhatan, which then overspread that fair country, between the Alleghany and the sea?—where the powerful tribes of the East—the posterity of Uncas or Philip—the white man's friend or the white man's foe—or the tribes that clustered round the base of the White Mountains? the same answer suits all: They are gone!—and scanty remnants, scattered here and there, hardly preserve their name.—*Latrobe*, vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

We think every reader will admit the sense and candour of the following extract from another letter on the same subject:—

‘It is my conviction, that the government of the United States, as well as the population of its settled districts, are very sincere in their desire to see justice done to the remnant of these tribes; and, as far as is consistent with the general welfare of the community, to favour and succour them. The main difficulty is, how and by what means these ends are to be attained. The measure now generally adopted, of buying their various lands and reservations, where surrounded by the population of the States, and principally those of the East of the Mississippi, has met with much condemnation from Europeans, especially from those who know the secret of these purchases. The only valid apology which can be made for it, is that of stern and absolute necessity. If the existence of that be proved, the policy may be defended, however many things may seem to cast doubt on the expediency or the justice of thus expatriating the wrecks of these tribes from their small heritage of the land of their forefathers; for, though the land is virtually bought, and the tribe to a certain degree well remunerated, it is still expatriation. This plea I have, however unwillingly, been led at length to admit. The white men and the Indian cannot be near neighbours. They never will and never can amalgamate. Feuds, murders, disorders, will spring up; mutual aggression among the dissolute and ignorant of both classes will give rise to yet greater evils. If the Indian turns his back upon the alternative of civilization, he must recede; and were it not even advantageous to the white, it would be mercy in the latter to attempt, by all lawful means, to arrange matters in such a way as to avoid the possibility of collision. Yet, granting that this policy is sound because imperious, no one can look upon the state of the Indian, struggling for existence

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on the frontier, without commiseration. He is perhaps removed from an impoverished country, as far as the game is concerned, to one abounding in it, and of greater extent and richness of soil than that which he relinquishes. The annuity granted by government, the provision made for schools and agricultural instruction, would seem to place him in a more enviable situation, even though he were removed a thousand miles from the graves of his fathers. Yet here he is, if anything, more exposed to oppression; from that proportion of the white population with whom he is in contact being in general the most abandoned.—pp. 168, 169.

Our author asks elsewhere:—

‘What check is there upon an unprincipled agent, who knows that, for a bottle of whisky, an Indian will sign or say anything—and, at the same time, his testimony is not valid in a court of justice?’

Mr. Latrobe has some most valuable letters on the history of the old attempts to Christianize the native tribes, by Brainerd and his admirable brethren. With regard to the prospects of the missionaries now engaged among the red men beyond the Mississippi, he says:—

‘My general impression was that they were worthy men; rather upright than sound in their views for the civilization and moral improvement of the tribes among whom they were sent to labour; and, like many of their brethren all over the world, far too weak-handed and deficient in worldly wisdom to cope effectually with the difficulties thrown in their way by the straggling but powerful community of traders, agents, and adventurers of every kind, with whom they must be associated in their intercourse with the Indians. Their work must be a work of faith and humble dependence on God, for by their own strength and wisdom they will achieve nothing—He can effect what men would pronounce impossible. In the lawless, licentious conduct of most of the nominal Christians connected with them, the Indian finds sufficient excuse for not quitting the faith of his fathers, as that proffered in exchange seems to produce such evil fruit.’—pp. 70, 71.

We are afraid that very much the same thing might be justly said as to the case of other missionaries engaged among other Indians. But we must now introduce our readers to the society and manners of the Anglo-Americans themselves of the highest and best order, as described by this candid traveller. The following picture of the environs of Baltimore is in every respect delightful:—

‘In returning northward, we made a halt of a fortnight in Baltimore and its neighbourhood. Many of the country-seats, which stud the environs upon the upland slope, at various points and distances from the city, are singularly well-situated and tastefully arranged; and I look back with unalloyed gratification to the hours spent among them,

them, and the hospitality of the wife and daughter of the owner, who are ordinarily given in these villas at this beautiful season of the year, added every tree and shrub appears in its freshest green, and every natural object excites to amusement and recreation. The woods, however, being so thick and so full of the numberless white, four-petalled flowers of the dog-wood, which we had left in the latitude of New York in full beauty, had it is true, become discoloured and half hidden by the green foliage which they precede, but the catalpa was in blossom in the vicinity of the country seats; the shrubberies were in their beauty; and on the margin of the forests, which generally thickened to the back of these villas, the evening air was perfumed with the rich odour of the magnolia, whose snow-white blossom peeped out from its covert of glossy leaves. A thousand beautiful trees, either transported from their concealment in the woods, or tastefully preserved for the purposes of ornament, surrounded the lawns in front of the open colonnade. It was not till my return to Europe, in the height of summer, after a very short passage, that I was struck with the totally different character of the verdure, both of the field and forest, on the two continents. After the bright sward, and the varied summer foliage of the western woods, with their great ponderance of light greens, the English landscape seemed to exhibit nothing but ~~overgrown~~ such was the depth of shade observable in the blue verdure of the rounded and heavy masses of foliage of our ordinary forest trees, and on the dark and thick meadow-grass of our humid climate.

A few hours before sunset, the different visitors generally assembled, by far the greater number consisting of the young and unmarried of both sexes. Under the shade of the trees, tables were covered with the delicacies of the season—among which the delicious fruit from which these Strawberry Parties took their name, was ordinarily seen in the greatest profusion, with its appropriate concomitants of cream and champagne. Many an enchanting spectacle of natural beauty and human contentment and pleasure have I observed spread before me, while sitting in the portico of one of these rural retreats, as the sun sunk slowly to its setting. The view from many of them commanded a wide prospect, to the south-east, over the forests and fine undulating slopes of the country in the direction of the city, whose domes and edifices peered over the woods, or were described bordering the irregular lake-like divisions of the river. More remote lay the wider bay of the Patapsco, glistening with white sails, merging far in the distance into the broad Chesapeake; the long promontory of North Point, with its light-houses glistening in the sunshine; and beyond all, the hardly perceptible thread of gold which marked the utmost limit of the horizon, and the eastern shore of Maryland.

If to this noble view you add as a foreground the sweet intermingling forest, lawn, and shrubbery in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling—with the gay and graceful groups scattered over it—you would own with me that you had rarely gazed upon scenes so truly beautiful and guilelessly cheerful; so animated, so full of innocent

The idea of the bare accusation. The idea fixed by the evidence

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pleasure, and devoid of false glitter and glare, as those presented by the Maryland Strawberry Parties. Later comes the brief but beautiful twilight, with the wailing cry of the whip-poor-will, the flight of the night-hawk, and, above all, myriads of fire-flies filling the air with sparks, dancing in the deep shade, or streaming with their intermittent and gentle light among the groups, as they stroll in the open air or sit in the porticoes.

The frank manners and uncontrolled intercourse between the young people of both sexes, and the confidence with which they are on all occasions left to their own discretion, is one remarkable feature in American society, and one that must strike every European. Unattended as this open confidence has hitherto been, with perhaps the rarest exceptions, by unpleasant results, it is a proof that thus far the society of the New World has an advantage over that of the Old, where circumstances throw such difficulties in the way of most early marriages—where the poison of libertinism is more generally diffused—and where the whole structure of society warrants the most jealous care in the parent, and the utmost caution and reserve on the part of the daughter.—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. pp. 29-32.

Our readers cannot have failed to observe how many of the circumstances alluded to in this beautiful letter are identical with those dwelt upon in a very different spirit—considered as altogether deplorable in their results—by many other travellers of late years, and especially by M. de Beaumont. We extracted the passage on this very account. It affords a strong lesson to every one who undertakes to criticise the manners of a people with whom he is not of old and familiarly acquainted—and we think we can hardly do better than follow it up by another page, in which Mr. Latrobe brings the same lesson, one so often neglected, home to ourselves—our own business and bosoms. He says, after he has returned to England,—

"It was but the other day I was in company with a gentlemanly foreigner—a Prussian; acute, reasonable, and polite, travelling for his instruction and amusement, to see with his own eyes, and to hear with his own ears. The conversation turned upon the difference of the criminal law in our respective countries, and the mode of procedure in criminal cases. Two things had struck him with reference to that of England; first, the weight which we give to mere circumstantial evidence, in the absence of positive proof; and, secondly, the horrible severity of our code, and the administration of it. He stated that he had been seated for hours in the court of sessions in one of our southern cities, and that out of twenty or thirty cases under consideration not a single prisoner was acquitted. He was quite horrified! Accusation and conviction seemed to go hand in hand. The time occupied in any one case was, as he thought, quite insufficient for patient investigation; and his blood curdled as he heard—*Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!* pronounced again and again by the foreman of the jury, before he had had time to make himself master of the bare accusation. The idea fixed, by the

evidence of his own senses on his mind, was this—that in England every man who was accused must be, and was, condemned. And I wish you could have seen how wide he opened his eyes when he was forced unwillingly to relinquish his belief—by a calm explanation of the series of preparatory steps through which every individual case had passed before it had come to the point where he had seen it arrive for positive decision. Of the examination before a magistrate, the reconsideration of cases by a grand jury, &c., he, till now, had had no opportunity of hearing; but he was brought to confess, after a while, that, all things considered, it was hardly to be conceived that innocence, if innocence there were, would not have been made evident in the previous stages of inquiry, and that nothing but incontrovertible evidence of guilt could be received and made the cause of condemnation.

‘However, something was to be learned from this, and I trust I was not myself above profiting by the lesson, which many years of travel have assisted in impressing upon my mind; namely, that a stranger in a strange land sees with strange and partial eyes, and that the difficulty of forming a correct judgment, even with close observation, and without any disposition to distort facts, is far greater than might be supposed.’—vol. ii. pp. 305, 306.

We sincerely hope this lesson will be held in mind by all future travellers in the United States. For ourselves, we are obliged to confess that we much wish we had kept it steadily before us when reviewing the recent work of Mrs. Trollope, and we may even add of Captain Basil Hall. We have no suspicion that either of these able writers designed to give a false impression of the state of society in America; but we are constrained to acknowledge that we think if Washington Irving had undertaken a tour among our own provincial towns, he might have found materials for lively and amusing sketches of British manners not a bit better than those represented as *characteristic* of the Americans: indeed we strongly suspect that he might have found almost the same identical things and fashions. And how, after all, should this be otherwise? What were all those American towns sixty years ago but provincial British towns? Why should we be so ready to believe that manners and customs had changed so much within the lifetime of one generation, while blood and language remained the same?

Let us hear no more then—at least, let us hear nothing in harsh, contemptuous, or arrogant language—about the petty circumstances which may happen to strike an English eye, accustomed to the highly-cultivated features of society in the upper walks of life in England, as offensively characteristic of the people of America, in their interior domestic intercourse among themselves. Let every man who designs to travel in America begin with making himself acquainted with the manners of the great masses of our own population—even of our own opulent and fairly educated population

population—and ask himself honestly, whether, supposing the present course of political changes to be persisted in, the grand problem of the Grotes, Warburtons, and Humes, fairly worked out, our aristocratical institutions in church and state got rid of, and the monarchy of the middle classes' completely established here—let him ask himself, whether he seriously believes that, after the lapse of half a century, the foreign traveller from Vienna or St. Petersburg would not be very apt to go home again with much the same views as to the manners of the dominant caste in England, that have been of late made public on the subject of the social peculiarities of America.

There is only one general remark on that subject which we shall take the liberty of setting down; and we do so, because we already see a thousand proofs that it will at no distant day be just as applicable to us as it is to them. The whole doctrine of *social equality*—the one doctrine which lies at the root of all our own present political doings—is the doctrine of vanity, envy, and hypocrisy; and no nation can *pretend* to reduce it to practice—for really reducing it to practice is impossible—without acquiring habits of falsehood, which will soon show themselves in matters far remote from politics. We are laying the foundation of a system of gross and habitual fraud, to be developed with equal distinctness in all our relations. Every demagogue is a hypocrite; and in a nation swayed by demagogues, the majority, even of those who scorn *their* trade, will from necessity creep into habits of insincerity.

The abundance of unoccupied land in America, the ease with which it may be obtained and cultivated, and the prodigious demand and consequent high price of labour of every kind in this vast and thinly-peopled region, are the fortunate circumstances which have hitherto enabled the *gentlemen* to submit, sullenly and reluctantly, but still to *submit* to the yoke of the democracy. These have hitherto afforded protection to property—to that one thing upon which, in any old and thickly-peopled country, a tyrannical democracy would too soon turn every particle of its serious attention.

We adduce, however, the following examples of the facility with which physical prosperity may now be attained in America—not with any political view, but merely for the benefit of English emigrants. The first is the history of a small farmer not far from the town of Independence:—

'The settler had, in the course of the preceding spring, bought three hundred acres of land, at a dollar and a quarter per acre. He came to work upon it in the month of April, at which time the sound of the axe had never been heard in these forests. During the course of that month he girdled the trees on ten acres—built himself a log-

hat—and brought his family out. At the close of May, after burning the brushwood, and slightly breaking the surface, he sowed the ten acres, upon which the sun now shone freely, unobstructed by the dying spring foliage, with a bushel and a half of gourd-seed maize, and at the time of my visit in September, he showed me a crop upon the ground ready to harvest of fifty bushels to the acre—the whole return being consequently five hundred bushels for the one and a half sown. At the same time, the fodder yielded, by stripping the tall stems of the maize of their broad and redundant leaves, amounting to a thousand bundles, sufficient to afford winter-food for fifteen head of cattle, which during the summer had lived and fattened in the forest, with their compeers the swine, without being a charge upon the settler. Besides this produce, the field had yielded fifty waggon-loads of pumpkins, of which great use is made, both for the family and the stock. Such is the amazing fertility of this region, and the facilities with which the necessaries of life may be procured! I have given you this single instance out of many of which I took exact and particular note.

While I add that the whole tract purchased was of the same inexhaustible richness of soil—covered with the most exuberant and noble forest, many trees which I measured being six yards in girth—abounding with excellent water and limestone—situated at a point where there would be no difficulty in transporting any quantity of produce to a market—you may well suppose that the owner cannot but become wealthy.—*Latrobe*, vol. ii, p. 137.

What follows refers to an experiment, on a much larger scale, in the back territory of the state of New York:—

The estate of F—, consisting of about thirty-six thousand acres, was, little more than twenty years ago, in the state of nature; there was not a road passing through it, there was not a tree cut; but for ages the heavy forest, decking the country and shading the streams and ponds, had grown and come to maturity, and decayed and fallen, to add to the mould which covered its undulating surface. After the termination of the war, our host, the son of the original purchaser, came from the metropolis of the State, devoting himself to the improvement of his patrimony. He fearlessly laid the axe at the root of the trees—built himself a log-hut, and began to cultivate a corner of his domain. In a year or two he married, and brought his young and accomplished wife, tenderly nurtured, of the best blood of the Union, to bear him companionship in his hut during the summer. In no country have you nobler examples of that devotion and heroism which enables woman to sacrifice self, and bend to circumstances. She was content with the comparative solitude of the forests, and to live—as people must live, whatever be their birth and breeding—roughly and rudely in the backwoods. Thus they passed several years, oscillating between the best society of New York in the winter, and that of workmen and rude settlers in the summer. Their log-hut was for many years their habitation. But their self-denial has long ere this had its reward.

One-third of the whole estate was under steady culture at the time

of our visit, and they counted sixteen hundred taxable inhabitants within their boundaries. Roads were opened to the north and south. The log-hut had disappeared; and in its place a spacious and handsome country-seat, built of white marble, quarried on the estate, rose in a prominent situation on the bank of a limpid lake, two or three miles in circumference, surrounded by hanging woods and rocky shores. The tasteful elegance of the interior was in harmony with that of the exterior—shrubberies, gardens, orchards, and gravel walks occupied the immediate vicinity; nor were the bath-house and all the facilities for boating and fishing forgotten. Such were the changes effected by patience, perseverance, and taste.*—p. 147.

Mr. Latrobe gives a great many most interesting and useful details respecting the recent settlement of many of our countrymen in the better condition of life, especially naval and military officers on half-pay, in the province of Upper Canada; and we recommend this part of his book to the earnest study of all persons of the like class who may feel inclined to follow their example.*

Mr. Latrobe is not one of those travellers who feel interested only in some one or two of the subjects which a new country presents to observation. He carries with him, wherever we find him, the same liberal curiosity, the same gentle sympathies, and the same vivid powers of description; and we know not whether his sketches of manners civilized and barbarous, his historical disquisitions, or his letters on the phenomena of nature living and inanimate, are likely to be most generally admired. Nor do the real antiquities of America escape his enthusiasm. Our readers will do well to compare the following elegant passage with Mr. Flint's more detailed account of the *Indian mounds*, which we had occasion to quote a few years ago when reviewing his 'Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi':—

'I never at any time approached the Indian mounds, those relics of a people and of a time of which no recollection or tradition has been preserved, without interest and feeling. That the hands that reared them should long ago have been mingled with the clay of which they formed these simple, but enduring monuments excites no wonder: generation departs after generation—one dynasty follows another—one nation perishes, and its place is filled by another; but it is seldom that all memory, all tradition is lost of a people. A name alone may remain, without any other distinctive feature,—but that is yet a name, and under it the existence of a distinct division of the human race may yet stand recorded in the book of the world's history. But here, on this vast continent, dispersed over a great extent of territory, you find the relics of an utterly forgotten race. They must have been a numerous one, for the magnitude of the works they have left behind them attest it. You see mounds raised upon the rich level plains of

* Such persons, however, will find their best practical guide in the 'Notes' lately published by Mr. Ferguson, of Woodhead—a skillful Scotch agriculturist, whose precept and example are of the most sterling value.

the west, which will ever remain a marvel. They must have attained to a certain degree of civilization and sedentary habits, superior to the races whom the present age has seen in turn displaced by those of our own hue and blood:—they were more civilized, more powerful, more enlightened than the Indian races of our day. We read this truth in the vestiges of their towns and fortifications, and the lands once cultivated by them,—yet it is in vain you pry into the secret of their deeds, time of existence, or history. You dig into their places of sepulture—you handle their bones; but they are silent, and tell you nothing;—and the utensils you unearth only show you that they were numerous, and, however powerful, simple in their habits.

‘Man is less perfect for the time being, and subject to greater vicissitudes than even the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, whom he affects to govern and despise. And this is impressed on my mind as I listen to the song of these sweet birds. There are voices yet abroad in the land of those forgotten tribes, at this very moment, singing the same sweet strain as rung through the oak groves two thousand years ago! They have not forgotten the lessons taught the parents of their race in Paradise. God has stamped them with the species of perfection for which he designed them, and they have not departed from it. Their kind has suffered no vicissitude—they have probably neither deteriorated nor attained greater perfection in any respect since the day of their creation, but have carolled, and nestled, and paired, from generation to generation; fulfilling the end for which they were apparently created; while race after race of human beings has arisen and passed away, and the earth has been alternately filled and deserted by nations and individuals perfect in nothing. Without the certainty of immortality, and the sweet hope of being restored, through God’s mercy, to that estate from which we have fallen, might we not well be tempted to despair!’—vol. ii. p. 21-23.

We have bestowed so much of our space on these new authors—especially on Mr. Latrobe—that we find ourselves obliged to abstain from further quotations about America, and must, therefore, be contented to recommend once more in general terms the ‘Tour to the Prairies’ of our old favourite, Mr. Washington Irving. We read the book with high interest, and not the less for the novel aspects and attitudes in which it brings our worthy friend himself before us. Clad in his leathern jerkin, mounted on his fiery steed, and armed with his huge blunderbuss, for close encounter with wolves, bears, buffaloes, and the other terrors of the Prairie, he must indeed have appeared very unlike what we had been used to meet announced under his name. But whether on a wild horse, or on an easy chair, he retains the same happy humour to be pleased with everything, and the same happy power to please everybody about him. His nephew has also lately published a very agreeable little work, in which much of the same sort of scenery and adventure is painted with no trivial share of the

the same talent.* Nor ought we to close our paper without naming 'The Winter in the Far West,' by Mr. Hoffman—another new book which will richly reward the reader's attention.

But the book of the season, as far as America is concerned, is unquestionably that of Mr. Latrobe. He is evidently an author from whose future lucubrations we may hope to receive large supplies of amusement and instruction. To what part of the world he has turned his steps we do not know, but we understand he is again rambling somewhere, and we shall not fail to watch the result of his peregrinations.

ART. VI.—*Papers relating to Emigration.* Printed for the House of Commons, 27th March, 1835.

2. *Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia; with Observations on the General Resources of New South Wales.* By Captain Charles Sturt. 2 vols., 8vo. London, 1833.
3. *State and Position of Western Australia, or the Swan River Settlement.* By Captain Irwin, late acting Governor of the Colony. 8vo. London, 1835.
4. *Letters from Poor Persons who have lately emigrated to Canada.* 3rd edit. 1835.

IT has been shown over and over again in this Journal, that the redundancy of labour which weighs so heavily on our parish rates, and renders the administration of any poor-law the legislature may enact a difficult and dangerous matter;—the dearth of employment, and consequently of the means of sustenance, which forces the Irish peasantry into illegal and murderous combinations, and prepares them to be the ready tools of every political agitator who has an object to serve in fomenting rebellion;—the excessive competition which, in every branch of trade, in every avenue for the investment of capital, and in every profession, renders the chance of a remunerating return every day more and more precarious;—that these perplexing circumstances, which our economists have so belaboured their brains to render still more puzzling, are, in fact, the simple and inevitable results of the rapid growth of our population and our wealth, during a lengthened peace, and under the shadow of free and happy institutions, *without a proportionate increase of the territorial area for their employment*; and that the obvious remedy to this plethora lies—not as the Broughams and Martineaus advise, in a painful and suicidal attempt to check the rate of increase of our people and our capital—but in the enlargement of the field for their employment, by facilitating their

* Indian Sketches, taken during an Expedition among the Pawnee Tribes and other Indians of North America. By John T. Irving, jun. 2 vols. 12mo.